



|   |
|---|
| MINIMUM SUGGESTED DONATION TWO DOLLARS.   |
| STREET SHEET IS SOLD BY HOMELESS AND LOW-INCOME VENDORS WHO KEEP 100% OF THE PROCEEDS.  |
| VENDORS RECEIVE UP TO 75 PAPERS PER DAY FOR FREE.   |
| STREET SHEET IS READER SUPPORTED, ADVERTISING FREE, AND AIMS TO LIFT UP THE VOICES OF THOSE LIVING IN POVERTY IN SAN FRANCISCO. |



THE 2017 POETRY ISSUE



January marks the annual poetry edition of the Street Sheet. In the past year that has been overwhelmed with deep grief, loss, and hurt, we turn to poetry and art to heal. Reflect. Engage. Resist. We find ways to say goodbye, to say this is how I will remember you. We envision and reenvision a different world and new possibilities through words, stories, and narratives that dare to transcend our present realities. This collection of courageous poems from poets across the Bay Area demands us to imagine and reimagine our world, pay attention, and act in the face of injustice.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE GHOST SHIP

Lindsay, Tennessee and Jose, three hapless souls who didn’t escape the Fire. A conflagration, ignited by fear, suspicion and hatred suffocated Lindsay, Tennessee and Jose and bought about their demise ...mainly because Lindsay, Tennessee and Jose ...were among the despised.

And the Ghost Ship still lingers after smoldering timbers have dimmed.

The Privileged sparked attitudes sets feelings ablaze, burning animosities that flicker with hatred and scorn. There will be no concerts for 79 year old Jose Campos found dead in a driveway of the housed... There will be no Crowdfunding for 27 year old Lindsay McCollum and Eddie Tennessee Tate...the two tasting and feeling the Fire from the muzzle of a deadly weapon.

Plumes of indifference...ridicule...seeps up from WHERE ARE THE FUNDRAISERS...WHERE ARE THE CONCERTS...WHERE IS THE NATIONAL OUTPOURING OF SADNESS and SYMPATHY? Where is the pageantry in their Honor of...

these three beautiful HOUSELESS Souls whose lives were Lost? WHERE IS THE RED CROSS!?!

Huddle together in makeshift warehouses...of tiny homes/box shelters/tents...are consumed in a holocaust of indifference

...ridiculed/ neglected. No memorial will be dedicated nor erected...for Lindsay, Tennessee and Jose.

These three houseless denizens will only be just a blip on the media radar, overshadowed by the latest INFERNO / demonization of the houseless

Weren’t Lindsay, Tennessee and Jose struggling artists?... the harsh, dangerous streets being their canvas Terrible injuries and painful experiences a permanent part of the canvas and yet, containing all the possibilities life had in store for them. Yes they’re... artists. life as Art and Art as Life.

And The Ghost Ship still lingers after smoldering timbers have dimmed.

-BILAL ALI

ACTA

En nombre de quienes lava ropa ajena  
(y expulsan de la blancura la mugre ajena)

En nombre de quienes cuidan hijos ajenos  
(y venden su fuerza de trabajo  
en forma de amor maternal y humillaciones)

En nombre de quienes habitan in vivienda ajena  
(y aun los mastican con sentimiento de ladron)

En nombre de quienes viven en un pais ajeno  
(las casas y las fabricas y los comercios  
y las calles y las ciudades y los pueblos  
y los rios y los lagos y los volcanes y los montes  
son siempre de otros  
y por eso esta alli la policia y la guardia  
cuidandolos contra nosotros)

En nombre de quienes lo unico que tienen  
es hambre explotacion enfermedades  
sed de justicia y de agua  
persecuciones condenas  
soledad abandono opresion muerte

Yo acuso a la propiedad privada  
de privarnos de todo.

ACT

In the name of those washing others’ clothes  
(and cleaning others’ filth from the whiteness)

In the name of those caring for others’ children  
(and selling their labor power  
in the form of maternal love and humiliations)

In the name of those living in another’s house  
(which isn’t even a kind belly but a tomb or a jail)

In the name of those eating others’ crumbs  
(and chewing them still with the feeling of a thief)

In the name of those living on others’ land  
(the houses and factories and shops  
streets cities and towns  
rivers lakes volcanoes and mountains  
always belong to others  
and that’s why the cops and the guards are there  
guarding them against us)

In the name of those who have nothing but  
hunger exploitation disease  
a thirst for justice and water  
persecutions and condemnations  
loneliness abandonment oppression and death  
I accuse private property  
of depriving us of everything.



# AN EXCERPT FROM SKID ROW IS STILL SKID ROW (AND CLOSER THAN YOU THINK)

Laying against the wall next to the door of a small jewelry store, a man was perfectly still across the sidewalk. A white sheet was pulled up to his waist, his hands folded over it. His head was thrown back, his mouth slightly open like readying for a kiss. His eyes were closed tight, expectant, afraid, waiting for something terrible. Blood was spattered on the wall above his head like a feathery crown. Some blood had trickled from his nose; his lips were a bit darkened.

Is he OK?

No, Melly. He's not OK.

Many homeless spent the night under the marquee of the old Grand movie theater or in that shallow doorway next to the jewelry store. It gave hardly any shelter but folks sought it out anyway. It was coveted as the sun set and the sky grew overcast and that evening wind whipped through the corridor. They laid on cardboard rolled up in blankets or set up shopping carts around salvaged bedding and hunkered down for the night, sleeping while the hipster fucks and tech drones walked over them and by them on their way through the string of bars in the neighborhood. They slept through the shrieking of tires and the whirl and hiss of the buses. They slept through the chatter and mindless talk and shouts and calls from across the street, and folks talking on their phones and laughing until it was late and folks were done drinking, the store lights blinking and the last bus roaring down Mission then it was quiet, but cold. They slept through the cold, tugging at their blankets, turning on their sides.

This man was just another homeless in a terrible way. He was not well and in need of help.

What do we do?

Fuck, I don't know.

Is he just asleep? He's hurt.

He's probably drunk. He's covered like he's sleeping.

Someone will find him, right.

I looked around. Mission Street was empty. No cars. One man at the corner waiting for the light to change, thumbs hooked on the straps of his backpack. No perceivable help anywhere. I pulled my phone out of my bag and dialed 9-1-1.

Hello, I want to report a man in need of help. He's laying on the sidewalk and he's bloodied...I can't tell, he's really still...his face is all bloody...it doesn't appear that he's breathing but I haven't really checked...his mouth is bloodied...

I approached the man and tapped his covered heal with my toe.

He's not responding, he's needs assistance...No, I don't know him...OK...Please, thank you. They're sending a patrol car to check him out.

So do we wait?

I thought about it. I was in schedule mode, my day planned out to the minute, get up early to go to the gym, type up a sub plan, email it, check in with my principal then be at the hall of justice by 9:00. This man needed our help but I didn't know what else I could do, and I needed to stick to my plan, I didn't think any of the folks I had to answer to – the judge, my principal – would forgive my absence or tardiness because I stopped to tend to an injured, homeless man and made sure he was taken care of. I was bound to my duties. Fuck.

They said police are coming. They'll know what to do. They can figure it out.

But someone will come.

Yes, someone's coming. And if not, I imagine when the folks from the jewelry store open, they'll call the police, too.

Poor man.

We backed away and continued walking down the street holding hands.

- NORMAN ANTONIO ZELAYA

## NEW YORK CITY

Solitary white rose  
Lying on shiny gray stone  
Honorably etched names  
Of the dead  
Living in hearts  
Wounded raw still  
Healing waters deep earth

Floating sweet incense world's azure sky  
Flaming self-immolating red candle  
Burn to ashes  
Spinning Tibetan prayer wheel  
May all beings be happy  
Gathering around  
Golden circle human beings

-MORGAN ZO CALLAHAN

## I GOT NO INSPIRATION

Every time that i get in line,  
To not be behind you every time,  
I don't care just to share,  
All of my love with you ooooo ooooo.  
You suppose to be with me,  
Every day of the week,  
To see you when your not busy,  
Just call on me and i would be easy,  
And it a be so cool,  
To get you,  
Even when we're all alone.  
With out you,  
There be no inspiration,  
To come and see me,  
On your days off,  
And i'll be there any where  
That you got the inspiration  
To love me too.

-EASY COOL, JUST FOR YOU

## FIRE WILL NEVER DESTROY

FIRE WILL NEVER DESTROY  
THAT WHICH BURNS BRIGHT INSIDE,  
THAT SPARK OF EVERLASTING LIFE...  
OVERCOMING FEAR, GUILT, SHAME, DOUBT  
CLAIMING A DEEPER STRENGTH,  
MY SACRED FIRE WILL GUIDE & PROTECT ME...  
BURNING BRIGHT,  
THROUGH THE NIGHT,  
FULFILLING MY DREAMS  
I RISE.

-BONNIE SELVA

## IMMIGRANT POEM

They cross the border looking  
For a piece of the Promised Land  
Entering a land that once belonged  
To their ancestors  
These conquered souls of Mexico  
Who toil in fields of abundance  
Harvest fruit and vegetables  
With stooped backs  
And blistered hands  
At pay no white man would consider  
In a land built by immigrants  
It now calls its enemies

-A.D. WINANS



Man at Work by Ronnie Goodman

## ACROSS FROM THE POPULAR PARK WITH PALMS

your elders shall dream dreams  
Acts 2:17

On the sidewalk near the intersection  
across from the popular  
park with palms

an aged man pushing a shopping cart piled  
high with bottles and with cans  
and four large

garbage bags stuffed full hanging off the sides.  
He plods, his head of white hair  
hung over his

shrunkened self as if his neck were broken  
back humped, his arms outstretched; he  
leans into

the discarded weight. Reaching the curb he  
does not cross on Dolores  
to the park

with palms but stops, bows his head to the hard  
handle: a surrendering  
in prayer?

A flock of lorikeets swoop, screech, and land.  
“Old leaf scars form a pattern”—  
blessings crowned.

-VIRGINIA BARRETT



COLD IN THE CITY

Cold,  
in the city  
almost every night  
it is cold,  
not cold enough to freeze water  
but cold enough  
to kill

the unprotected person  
the person without a home  
a shelter.

And it’s wet too.  
If no rain falls  
fog often rolls in.

In the city  
cold  
conservative politicians say  
they care

say  
they want to “protect the homeless.”

So what’s their first move?  
Remove all the tents  
confiscate all the shelters  
make taking any cover  
sitting on a piece of cardboard  
putting down a backpack  
a crime.

It’s for their own safety,  
the hypocritical politicians parrot over and over  
while the police hand out tickets  
people without money can’t pay  
threaten the poor and the homeless with jail.

It is  
cold  
in the city  
sleeping on the hard pavement  
in a tent  
or in a bus or van that barely runs.

But friendships are made.  
Pets and children nurtured.  
The displaced  
the disabled  
the almost completely powerless  
try  
to take care of each other  
make their own communities  
their own families of friends  
to give them the love and support  
we all  
deserve.

-KRISTINA BROWN

WET PLAYGROUND

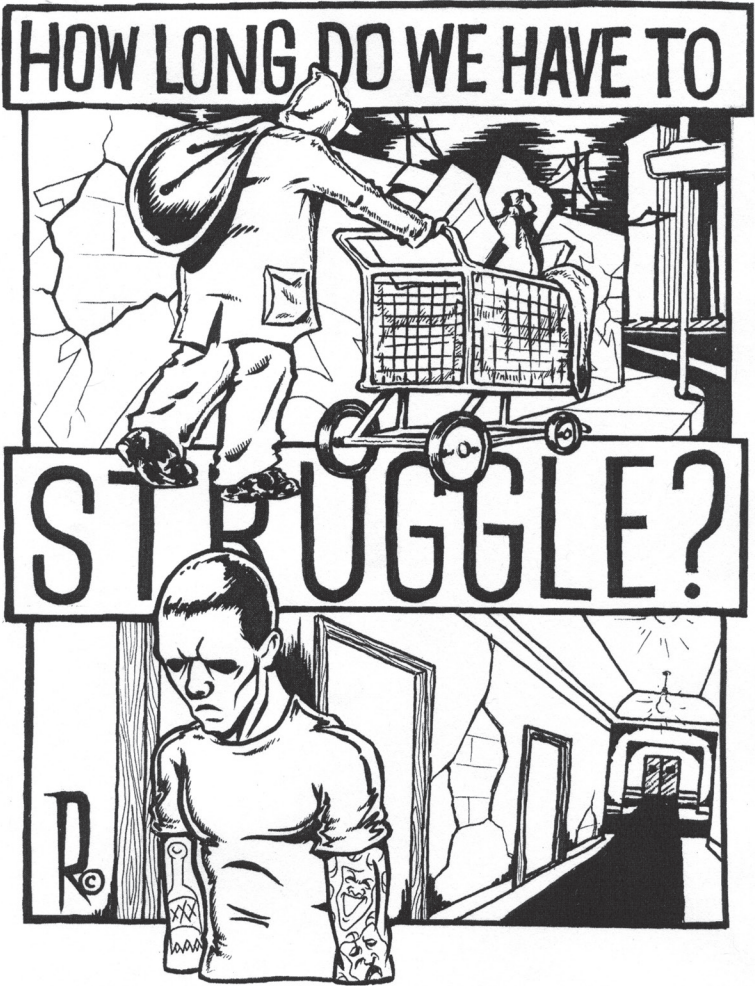
NO ADULTS ALLOWED UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY  
CHILDREN.  
PARK CODE SEC. 3.02

THE DERELICT WITH HIS CAN OF BEER BAGGED  
ROAMS THE QUIET PLAYGROUND ON A DARK SKY DAY  
CHILDREN, THE PERMITTED CLAN  
AVOID THE RAIN WET SLIDE, THE SAND TURNED MUD

THE DERELICT, HIS WEATHER BAGGED  
HE HEARS NO SHRIEKS FROM SUNNY KIDS  
ONLY THE TEASING BREEZE  
ONLY THE FAINT COMPLAINT  
OF THE LEAFLESS TREES

THE DERELICT, HIS DREAMS IN A BAG  
TAUNTED BY SWINGS FROM ABOVE  
THE COLD LINK CHAINS, THE BLACK STRAP SEATS  
THAT NEVER LET YOU TRULY FLY

-CESAR LOVE



Struggle by Robert Chambers

POETRY IS AN ACT OF PEACE.  
— PABLO NERUDA

16TH AND VALENCIA

I saw Jack Micheline on the corner of 16th & Valencia  
reciting “Skinny Dynamite” and he was angry  
and the next day he was dead  
on the last BART train to Concord  
and maybe that’s why he was angry  
I met Harold Norse shuffling around in a beaten world  
his pockets stuffed with poems only hipsters read  
It’s a cesspool out here he sighed  
before retreating to his room in the Albion Hotel  
where angels honeycomb the walls with dreams  
and the rent is paid with angry poems  
I heard Oscar Zeta Acosta’s brown buffalo footsteps  
pounding the Valencia Corridor  
and he was shouting poetry at the sick junkies  
nodding with their wasted whores  
in the lobby of the Hotel Royan “The Mission’s finest”  
and even the furniture was angry  
I joined the waiters at the bus stop  
the waitresses the norteños trios the flowers sellers  
the blind guitarist wailing boleros at a purple sky  
the shirtless vagrant vagabond ranting at a parking meter  
the spray paint visionary setting fire to the word  
and I knew this was the last call  
We were tired of living from the scraps of others  
We were tired of dying for our own chunk of nothing  
And I saw this barrio as a freight train  
a crazy Mexican bus careening out of control  
a mutiny aboard a battleship  
and every porthole filled with anger  
And we were going to stay angry  
And we were not leaving  
Not ever leaving  
El corazón del corazón de La Misión  
El Camino Real ends here

-ALEJANDRO MURGUÍA

MOTORHOME WITH  
NO DESTINATION

Two lovers on a crumbling orange moon gazed at Heaven for  
hours while the sky painted the stars the color of Fog. Two dogs  
barked their grievances to the world of closed eyes and mouths,  
knowing glances on the subway that seem more than curious.  
The gas tank is almost empty, the cops are going to run people  
off just when one takes a breath and the pavement is gentle.  
Just when the parking space is quiet, a cop or metermaid,  
tight-lipped and grim, starts knocking at the door, the dogs  
start barking, and the kids howl their regret at being found out  
and it’s time to go. But we are just people trying to get by. This  
city, the clenched jaws of a jackel with glittering eyes of fool’s  
gold, turn its back on the citizens who need help the most.

In church, I learned that money has replaced God , and there  
are no refunds.

They welcome the racist zombies who come here with  
their blanket of averageness and their mind-numble dribble of  
changing of the world. Every human is changing the world, no  
matter how minute or small, by moving forward throughout the  
universe. Ants die, babies are born, people blink.

Someone’s knocking at the door. The two dogs  
start barking. And the swollen faces on the subway, big like  
sunflowers in the fall, their expressions telling not a story  
because their devotion is for a device, not a person.

Someone’s knocking at the door. It’s a cop. Now we  
might get shot!

Don’t even blink. Don’t even breathe. Someone’s  
wheezing. Someone’s screaming. People are dying. My city is  
gone. It’s not there anymore.

-RAINA HUNTER  
FOR BUFFY GOMEZ



**NOW**  
I adore  
our finite time  
and its wondrous levity  
that makes each second  
of laughter, body, breath  
so precious  
I am content with death  
for it is a dull necessity  
not worth pondering  
you are here!  
and we are kindred,  
woven like all the currents—  
chaotic and stunning  
please, remember this  
with me, for me,  
when I spin away  
we are transient  
and that is fine  
as long as I drift with you  
in my picture  
there will be no ghost

**A RETURN TO FORM**  
I struggle to grasp  
you, little wisp  
I studied every heaven  
to relate to you  
my fingertips caress  
your vermilion  
still it slips back into the air  
I've tried diets  
of nectar and sugarcane  
copays for prescriptions  
of Dragon's blood  
all to no avail  
I long to bathe  
in that pollen  
to peel the stem raw  
to be awakened  
to return to form

**YOUNG HILL, WA**  
I find you  
where the trees break—  
meadow reflecting meadow

it's an antique golden  
and a culled sensation

carried by gossamers  
my body was the enervate equal  
in this embrace

I nearly forgot  
how it felt, to have  
the moon and stars pressed hot  
on my back!

until you held me once more.

**POEMS FROM "HADAL" BY MATT HEMMERICH.**  
"Hadal" is a collection of twenty new poems from Matt Hemmerich. 50% of the proceeds from each book will go directly to Coalition on Homelessness, which publishes the Street Sheet. If you would like to purchase a copy of "Hadal," please visit <http://matthemmerich.bigcartel.com/product/hadal>

## NO PLACE TO GO

It's rain'n and cold, got no place to go. I walk the streets all nite or just stand around or sit in a park. I long for daylight, so that I may rest my sleepy eyes. I dare not sleep at nite--too dangerous for a female. I feel sick, I have to use the toilet. It's 2:am and no open bathrooms. I find an alley—haaa—relief as my bowels shoot out it's liquid of sickness--some got on my pants. I still feel sick, It's rain'n and cold--got no place to go.

- SHERRY MEANS

THE ONLY THING THAT CAN SAVE THE WORLD IS THE RECLAIMING OF THE AWARENESS OF THE WORLD. THAT'S WHAT POETRY DOES. - ALLEN GINSBERG

## SONG OF THE COTTONWOOD SEED

with windless winter morning  
breaking  
blazing rays and icy airs  
a hilly hiking undertaking  
counting worries, fretting cares

when by my eyes  
it dancing, quaking  
white and fuzzy  
thousand hairs

says I "hello" and "lovely floating"  
speaking not, it bobbed a bit  
so light in flight it nothing toting  
needing not to rest or sit  
it naught but HAPPINESS emoting  
smiled I "goodbye" to it

-CLYDE ALWAYS

## TWAS THE NITE B4 TUESDAY

Twass the nite b4 Xmas all over The Loin,  
ain't got me no paper, not even a coin  
The hookers lined up along Ellis w/care  
4 any desperado w/the urge who wud dare  
Wen wot to my bloodshot eyes shud appear,  
but an Anchor Steam Tech Inspired IPA beer?  
names kinda queer, but thank U my dear!  
Mmm! I sip, 2 sips, I can drink my way thru this.  
No sooner cud I utter,  
wen I saw Old Gus pushin off in the gutter.  
Just another nite of the daily freak show.  
Got Dang wot next? I dont need to know.  
Then out in the back there arose such a clatter  
I called 911 b4 the perpetrators cud scatter  
& like dry leaves b4 the wild hurricane blow,  
no sooner'd I hang up wen the po po dun show  
They scoped it out to find Junky Joe,  
climbin into the dumpster coz he has nowhere to go.  
Ah Hyde St. theres no place like home!  
Merry Freakin Crimmus to all  
even The Five-oh.

A view from 430  
-U HERD

## SILICON CITY

They evicted Mia from her storefront on Valencia  
Then they burned down the apartments on 22nd Street  
The good die young and isn't it a pity  
But the beat goes on in Silicon City

You're a stranger now in your home town  
With strange faces on once familiar streets  
And strange shadows at four o'clock  
And cops strangers on a strange beat  
The days and nights are mostly gritty  
But hey, it's ok, you're hanging in Silicon City

So I've been told that everything that rises must fall  
And that the wicked shall be denied  
But now a days you don't know who to trust  
And watch out you don't get run over by a google bus  
It be's that way all down and dirty  
In the heartless heart of Silicon City

Now everybody knows the center cannot hold  
But prophecy is cheat and politicians are slippery  
So baby get your high-heeled sneakers and your black beret on  
Because tonight we face the music in Silicon City

-ALEJANDRO MURGUIA



## AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

I was okay for a minute,  
a half step ahead of the jackal,  
a heart-beat behind the wound.

Then my pillow's luck ran out.  
I had a warrant: my soul was overdue.  
The insomnia of my mattress went postal.

My inside wandered outside  
where a pigeon on the roof of a cadillac  
was scolding a runaway dime.

Penniless in duplicate, I slept like  
a pile of ashes on the icy pavement  
of my inalienable rights.  
I had nothing but time.

-MICHAEL KOCH

## RESTORATION OF HUMANITY

We work towards the common good of all living kind  
Yet people are suffering to find shelter, oppressed by the  
systems design  
We work to heal past pains of displacement, hurts, and  
abuse,  
Yet a discourse of utilization of services remains its proof  
We work for the restoration of humanity and advocate social  
justice  
A new framework is needed to address these injustices  
Building environments that foster hope,  
Recognizing the resiliency that this population holds  
Yet our work seemingly bound by systematic changes and  
procedural technicalities  
Human rights to adequate housing should not end in fatality  
Each human being needs sufficient shelter at any given time  
Human rights should not be violated due to systematic flaws  
and injustices  
Rebuilding systems and policies that promote the value of  
each human being globally  
Social change begins with simple acts of kindness and love  
Let's work together to replenish the heart of true humanity

-GIANNI JONES



# HOME

(to the National Union of the Homeless)

Winter has come  
In doorways, in alleys, at the top  
of churchsteps,  
under cardboard, under rag-blankets  
or, if lucky, in plastic sacks,  
after another day of humiliation,  
sleeping,  
freezing,  
isolated, divided, penniless  
jobless, wheezing, dirty  
skin wrapped around cold bones,  
that's us, that's us in the USA,  
hard concrete, cold pillow,  
where fire? where drink?  
damned stiffs in a drawer  
soon if, and who cares?  
shudders so familiar to us,  
shivers so intimate,  
our hands finally closed in clench  
after another day panhandling, tongues  
hanging out;  
dogs ate more today, are curled  
at the feet of beds, can belch, fart,  
have hospitals they can be taken to,  
they'll come out of houses and sniff  
us dead one day  
pieces of shit lying scattered here  
in an American city  
renowned for its food and culture.

The concrete is our sweat hardened,  
the bridge our vampirized blood  
the downtown, Tenderloin and Broadway  
lights – our corpuscles transformed  
into ads;  
our pulse-beat the sound tengtengendeng  
of coins piling up on counters, in  
phonebooths. Bart machines tengtengendeng  
in parking meters, pinball contraptions,  
public lavatories, toll booths;  
our skin converted into dollar bills,  
plastic cards, banknotes, lampshades  
for executive offices, newspapers,  
toiletpaper;  
our heart – the bloody organ the State  
gobbles like a geek in a sideshow  
that's become the national circus of the damned.  
O murderous system of munitions and inhuman rights  
that has plundered our pockets and our dignity,  
O enterprise of crime that calls us criminals,  
terrorism that cries we are fearful,  
greed that evicts us from the places we ourselves  
have built,  
miserable war-mongery that sentences us to misery and  
public exposure as public nuisances to keep a  
filthy republic clean –  
this time we shall not b disappeared  
in innercity ghetto barrio or morgue,  
this time our numbers are growing into battalions  
of united cries.

We want the empty offices collecting dust!  
We want the movie houses from midnite till dawn!  
We want the churches open 24 gods a day!  
We built them. They're ours. We want them!  
No more doorways, garbage-pail alleys  
no more automobile graveyards,  
underground sewer slums  
We want public housing!  
No more rat-pit tubing, burnt out rubble-caves,  
no more rain-soaked dirt in the mouth,  
empty dumpster nightmares of avalanches of trash  
and broken bricks,  
screams of women hallucinating at the Muni entrance  
gates,  
no more kids with death-rattling teeth under discarded  
tarp.  
We want public housing!  
we the veterans of your insane wars  
workers battered into jobless oblivion,  
the factory young: fingers crushed into handout  
on Chumpchange St.,  
the factory old: spat-out phlegm from the sick  
corporate chest of Profits.  
Instead of raped respect, jobs  
with enough to live on!  
Instead of exile and eviction in this,  
our home, our land,  
Homeland once and for all  
for one and all  
and not just this one-legged cry  
on a crutch on a rainy sidewalk.

- JACK HIRSCHMAN

Jack is a member of the San Francisco Revolutionary Poets  
Brigade, has published more than 100 books and chapbooks, as  
well as paintings and other visual work, and traveled throughout  
the world to read and share his poetry with the people.



Untitled by Crystal Chen.

WRITING AS **WRITING.**  
WRITING AS **RIOTING.**  
WRITING AS **RIGHTING.**  
- TEJU COLE

## HOMELESS RANT

“The foxes have holes and the birds of the  
air have nests, but the Son of Man has  
nowhere to lay His head.”  
Luke 9:58, King James Bible.

Homeless shuddering through the winter  
Homelessness a jagged splinter  
Under the City's fingernail  
Homeless impaled beyond the Pale  
Homeless address: No fixed abode  
Homeless always On the Road  
Homeless folk don't got no vote  
No fleece-lined camel-hair overcoat  
No gloves with no holes in the fingers  
For Homeless hopers, Hope malingers  
Homelessness gets old real fast  
Homeless players haven't passed  
GO, never collected Two  
Hundred, or bought Park Avenue  
Homeless don't play much Monopoly  
SO when they do, they play it sloppily  
Board game planners, homeless ain't  
Still, there ought to be a Saint  
Of Homelessness: By Jeez, there is!  
Homelessness was Jesus' biz.

-JOHN RIDLAND

## ODE TO DPW

You couldn't wait  
To clear the tents  
And what you  
Deemed junk off that  
Stretch of sidewalk  
Known as 17th st.

The pictures of  
Our fallen were  
Taken down and,  
If not for those among  
Us who refuse to take  
Shit and to have folks  
Take our shit,

Our altar with  
The flowers  
And rosaries  
Would have been  
Taken too

Of course our  
Bones are buried  
Deep in the ground  
And our skin stripped  
Of murals that live  
In memory

But DPW guy,  
You look a lot  
Like me

In fact, you  
Look like a  
Guy who is  
One paycheck  
Away from a tent

Or one twitch or  
Smirk away from  
A bullet  
DPW=dark person working

Trying to keep  
Your shit while

Taking our  
shit away

-TONY ROBLES

# BLACK SHEEP QUEEN

Panic attacks at 10  
Touched at 12  
Homeless at 15  
Pregnant at 15  
Mother by 19  
Dollar n a dream  
Hella cream  
That fast money  
Snow bunny  
Hit the block  
Grabbin rocks  
Hittin licks  
Make u sick  
I'm a trip  
Can't fuck wit this click  
One man army  
Live in tyranny  
Rebel teen  
Black sheep queen  
What u know bout that life  
That street life  
That block life  
That park bus hard cement  
life  
U think we're cool  
U wna be down  
Downtown life  
Where cats lose their life  
Let's trade  
Ur fat house  
For my bad mouth  
For my down  
For my crown  
Can't touch this  
I know u want this  
U can't have my game  
Never been the same  
Raised with killers pimps n  
drug dealers  
I became a healer  
I talk to the moon  
I talk to the sky  
N u wonder why  
When u got it all  
Wonder how  
U could possibly fall

-JUJUBA



TALISMAN

one day at venice beach seas waving  
to us basketball guys & I quick chinese teenager with game  
she wraps her legs with springy tawny cloth  
like she’s going to be in a ballet  
firmly binds from her calves  
to sun glistening lower thighs  
pads her knees  
we call her talisman &  
everyone wants her

she passes and dribbles  
behind her back all together  
natural motion round  
enjoying her flow dancing twirling  
red bandanna gypsy  
crazy awake creating hoops artistry  
something unspeakable present like a breath  
between games a dreadful flight  
a vision captures my heated brain

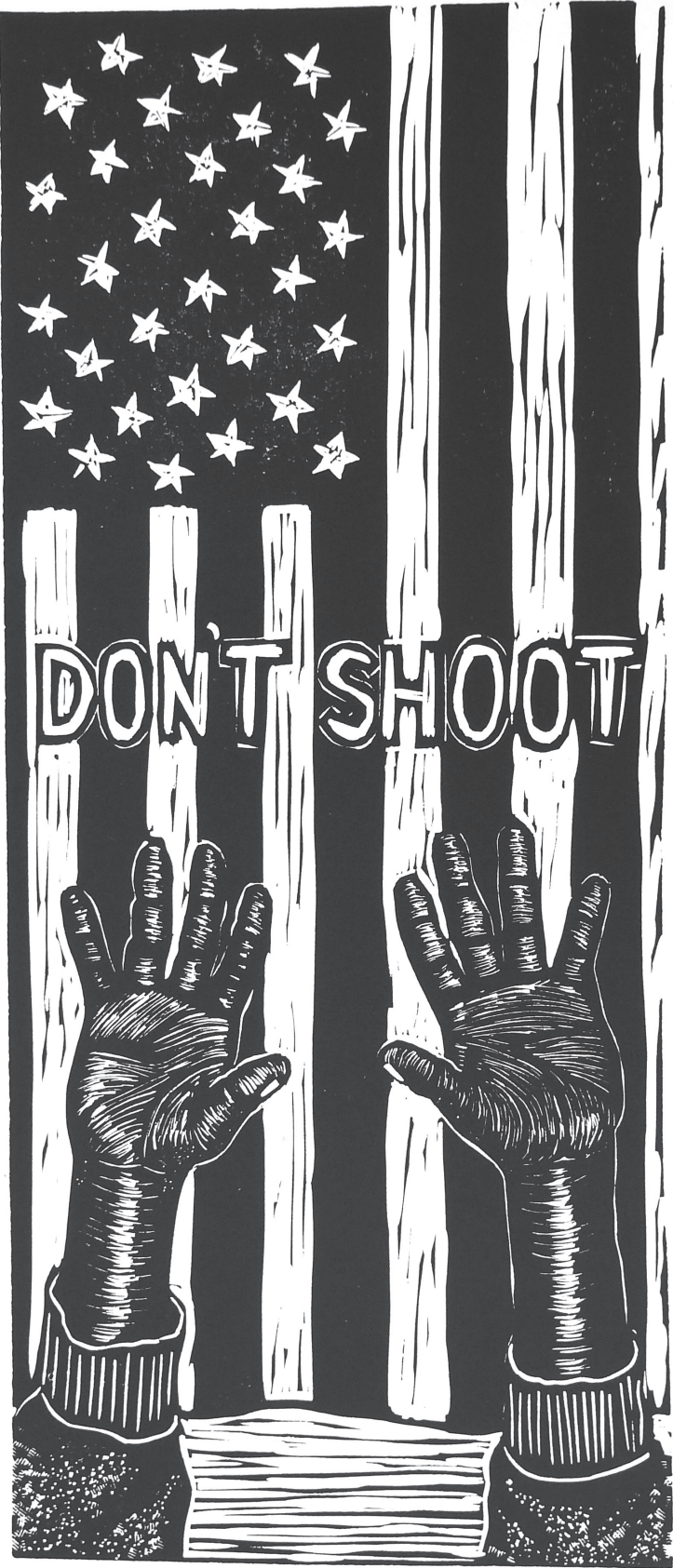
panting stretching my hips making knee circles  
suddenly in an unwanted reverie  
i’m bouncing my shiny brown head  
up the open air gray court  
people hanging out hooting watching  
human flowers colorful melting pot passing by  
cross court i sling my head without face  
to talisman breaking free poised to make a lay up  
in graceful stride

my spherical crown soars just outside talisman’s reach  
continues upwards rocketing  
to the unfathomable glistening sea  
smelling us peaceful alive uplifted deep  
losing my head as infrequently as it might happen  
memorably occurred  
on a salty aired ocean-side basketball court  
let’s play ball along a golden beach  
far beyond the vast white foaming aqua seas

-MORGAN ZO CALLAHAN



Pidgeon Lady by Mike Boyce.



THE ROLE OF THE POET IS TO MAKE  
REVOLUTION IRRESISTIBLE.  
- JUNE JORDAN

JOURNALISM 101  
WORKSHOP

Join us for a free journalism work-  
shop! You’ll learn the fundamentals  
of journalism, including how to pitch  
a story, conduct an interview, and  
write and edit articles. More than  
ever, we need journalists and writers  
to document the housing crisis and  
human rights violations that unhoused

San Franciscans face. Lunch will be  
provided.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 2017  
11AM-1PM  
468 Turk St.  
San Francisco, CA 94102

FOR MORE INFORMATION  
Call (415) 346-3740 or  
E-mail streetsheet@cohsf.org

SUBMIT  
YOUR  
WRITING  
TO THE  
STREET  
SHEET

STREETSHOOT@  
COHSF.ORG

468 TURK ST  
SF, CA  
94102

WRITER’S CORNER

Why do so many of us quickly lose touch with the New Year’s resolutions that we make at the beginning of the year? New Year’s resolutions can feel like a reductive measurement of growth, turning our deepest aspirations for self into concrete bullet points. This year, try moving away from resolutions and towards rebirths. The idea of rebirthing aspects of oneself or the world might allow for more wholistic, explorative, and mysterious journeys this coming year.

WRITE A POEM IN WHICH EACH LINE BEGINS WITH “RATHER THAN RESOLVE TO \_\_\_\_\_, I WILL REBIRTH \_\_\_\_\_”.  
(EXAMPLE: “RATHER THAN RESOLVE TO LOSE WEIGHT, I WILL REBIRTH LOVE FOR EVERY PART OF MY BODY”).

This writing prompt is brought to you by **GHOSTLINES**. Ghostlines is a Bay Area collective of poets, artists, and educators comprised of Ariana Weckstein, Gabriel Cortez, Isabella Borgeson, Jade Cho, and Natasha Huey. We are committed to using art to cultivate empathy. To disrupt violent systems and thought. To nurture and challenge ourselves and our communities to rise. [WWW.GHOSTLINESCOLLECTIVE.TUMBLR.COM](http://WWW.GHOSTLINESCOLLECTIVE.TUMBLR.COM)

SNIPPET

Homeless at 15  
Ain’t got no dream  
High school drop out  
Sleeping couch to couch  
Bus to bus  
Life got real tough  
The streets took me in  
Taught me to win  
History of abuse  
Kept that shit mute  
Homeless has no face  
Homeless has no race  
If u look at me u wouldn’t have knew  
All the struggle I went through  
Grabbin on my tummy  
They said I’m just a youngin  
But I already killed one my kin  
Can’t do it again  
And so I’m on the street  
Ain’t got Nothing to eat  
For me n my growin belly  
Livin from telly to telly  
Going back to my abuser  
What a fuckin loser  
My one lame option  
Taught me caution  
And so u think u know  
Like I should reap what I sow  
But I was just a kid  
I don’t even want to live  
No courage to take my life  
But it’s too much strife  
And so I WOMANed up  
Hit the block  
Got my money up  
N you judge us  
My community-but  
You wouldn’t stand a day in our shoes  
You would sit up here n lose  
You ain’t got that skin  
That won’t let no one in  
You say we want the streets  
Like we don’t want a warm bed to sleep  
What kinda lies is that  
So u could feel good living fat  
While poverty surrounds you  
Acting like we got the flu  
U act like we don’t exist  
Desensitized to the realness  
We’re homeless cuz we’re poor  
Not cuz we don’t want that home door that home floor  
So we get that government aid  
That stigma y’all mad at cuz y’all paid  
Y’all paid for the prisons  
Locking up our children  
Locking up our daddy’s  
Who rode round in caddys  
U know who supports them  
Our sisters n single women  
Taking from OUR households  
To profit YOUR stock holds  
So that’s where their daddy is  
Living wit the fuckin pigs  
Now I’m off the streets  
Got my food I eat  
Got my babies wit me  
But I still got pain  
My tears fall like rain  
My past haunts my dreams  
All I got is deep spirituality  
Keeping me sane  
So I don’t fall again  
My life is scarred  
It all went too far  
Still catching up  
Cuz I was out of luck  
Fast money was my hobby  
Got me lost from my body  
It got divided from my soul  
For Christmas Santa shoulda sent coal  
For all the dirt I did  
For years I hid  
Embarrassed of the life I lived  
And I never said all this before  
Let u peak into my soul  
And I walk around in vain  
Cuz I’m always in pain  
But u would never know  
By the smile I always show  
The queen of laughter  
Ain’t happily ever after  
My life would make u fear  
For your kids to not get near  
What I went through  
When no one knew  
So open your mind  
Never know who needs you to be kind  
Cuz I needed you  
But you never knew.

-JUJUBA



# COALITION ON HOMELESSNESS

The **STREET SHEET** is a project of the **Coalition on Homelessness**. The **Coalition on Homelessness** organizes poor and homeless people to create permanent solutions to poverty while protecting the civil and human rights of those forced to remain on the streets.

Our organizing is based on extensive peer outreach, and the information gathered directly drives the Coalition's work. We do not bring our agenda to poor and homeless people: They bring their agenda to us. We then turn that agenda into powerful campaigns that are fleshed out at our work group meetings, where homeless people come together with their other community allies to win housing and human rights for all homeless and poor people.

## WORKGROUP MEETINGS

AT 468 TURK STREET

**HOUSING JUSTICE WORK GROUP** Every Tuesday at noon

The Housing Justice Workgroup is working toward a San Francisco in which every human being can have and maintain decent, habitable, safe, and secure housing. This meeting is in English and Spanish and open to everyone!

**HUMAN RIGHTS WORK GROUP** Every Wednesday at 12:30 p.m.

The Human Rights Workgroup has been doing some serious heavy lifting on these issues: conducting direct research, outreach to people on the streets, running multiple campaigns, developing policy, staging direct actions, capturing media attention, and so much more. All those down for the cause are welcome to join!

To learn more about COH workgroup meetings, contact us at : 415-346-3740, or go at : [www.cohsf.org](http://www.cohsf.org)

## STREET SHEET STAFF

The Street Sheet is a publication of the Coalition on Homelessness. Some stories are collectively written, and some stories have individual authors. But whoever sets fingers to keyboard, all stories are formed by the collective work of dozens of volunteers, and our outreach to hundreds of homeless people.

Editor, Sam Lew

Assistant Editor, TJ Johnston

Vendor Coordinator, Scott Nelson

Our contributors include:

Lisa Marie Alatorre, Bob Offer-Westort, Jennifer Friendbach, Lesley Haddock, Jason Law, Jesus Perez, Miguel Carrera, Vlad K., Mike Russo, Arendse Skovmoller, Julia D'Antonio, Chance Martin, Irma Núñez, Paul Boden, Lydia Ely, Will Daley, Nicholas Kimura, Matthew Gerring, Jim Beller, Robert Gumpert, Art Hazelwood, the Ghostlines Collective, Dayton Andrews, Kelley Cutler, Raúl Fernández-Berriozabel, Jacquelynn Evans

### VOLUNTEER WITH US!

PHOTOGRAPHERS  
VIDEOGRAPHERS  
ILLUSTRATORS  
COMIC ARTISTS  
NEWSPAPER LAYOUT  
WEBSITE  
MAINTENANCE  
GRAPHIC  
DESIGNERS  
JOURNALISTS  
INTERNS  
WRITERS  
POETS

### DONATE EQUIPMENT!

LAPTOPS  
DIGITAL CAMERAS  
AUDIO RECORDERS  
SOUND EQUIPMENT

**CONTACT:**  
**STREETSHEET@**  
**COHSF.ORG**

## POET SPOTLIGHTS: NATASHA & GABRIEL

Co-founded in 2013 by poets Natasha Huey and Gabriel Cortez, Write Home facilitates writing workshops and open mics for homeless youth in shelters and service organizations in Berkeley. Through spoken word poetry, youth are able to foster community, express themselves creatively, and develop positive human connections.

### TELL ME A BIT MORE ABOUT WRITE HOME. WHAT IS A TYPICAL NIGHT LIKE HOLDING A WRITING WORKSHOP?

Natasha: Well, Write Home is a writing workshop that Gabe and I started and it was really to create space for homeless youth to tell their stories. Our writing workshops basically look like us walking into the space. We find a spare table or join some folks at the table and start a writing workshop for anyone who is interested. We invite everyone to join us, even if they've never written a poem before, even if they're not interested in poetry or don't want to write anything down. We start off with a check-in, talk about how they're doing, take it to a brainstorm where we generate ideas together and talk about a theme, and then we have a writing prompt where we can start with a line that we give folks. Then we just free write and share. It does some powerful things. It gives people an opportunity to share things about themselves and surprise themselves, by what they're capable of. The stories they have inside of them are told in creative and funny and sometimes heartbreaking ways.

### HOW DOES POETRY AND ACTIVISM INTERSECT IN YOUR WORK? HOW DO YOU THINK POETRY AND ART CAN BRING ABOUT SOCIAL CHANGE?

Gabriel: A lot of our work is grounded in creating safe spaces for low-income and homeless youth to tell their stories and build community. And a big part of what we do with poetry is the making of the space and creating opportunities for folks to sit across the table from each other, get to know each other, and to say things that they can't say in other spaces

and that's a part of activism because—how I see the connection—one, if we're talking about organizing communities, one of the main things we have to do is combat isolation, build community, and know each other in an authentic way. Once a community knows each other it creates greater opportunities for that community to get activated, to get mobilized and to be better grounded and understand what everyone can contribute.

Natasha: There's a belief that cultural change precedes policy change. Gay marriage being upheld by the supreme court—that could not have been done without the work by activists and artists, trans folks, queer folks of color. That was cultural change that put on the pressure for policy and laws to change. It wasn't the other way around. Art is integral in changing perceptions and expanding possibilities of our worlds and the people around us. In the idea that no one is disposable, art can highlight the humanity of people and bring people together to witness each other's humanity. When you're talking about social change and liberation of all people, you need to humanize everyone and the only true mechanism we have for that is our storytelling and community.

### WHAT IS THE IMPORTANCE OF SPOKEN WORD AND HOW IS IT DIFFERENT FROM MORE TRADITIONAL, WRITTEN POETRY?

Gabriel: I'd argue that spoken word poetry is one of the oldest artistic traditions. Probably predates the written word. When we're talking about spoken word, we're talking about the first storytellers. Folks gathered around, whether it was the table or a fire, and listened. With spoken word poetry, there's performance. We've got plenty of folks that sit down that don't write anything on the page, but when it comes time to share, they go off. When we're making a space, we're saying that that is just as valid and worthy and legit as writing. Spoken word poetry has room for an exchange between the listener and the

PAGE 7

JANUARY 1, 2017

STREET  
SHEET

speaker. It makes room for those urgent stories to speak and breathe. It's live.

Natasha: Spoken word is accessible. It's fun. And it's alive. Those things really help bring out this form of literacy to folks who don't own that title of literate or poet or don't feel like they own the title of artist. It puts value to what they're doing and saying, and that's exciting. There's no barriers to spoken word except being able to speak and understand, which can be seen as hefty barriers, but ultimately, it's for the people and celebrated by the people.

### WHAT'S THE BEST ADVICE YOU HAVE TO GIVE TO PEOPLE WHO WANT TO GET STARTED WRITING?

Natasha: I would say try. Try writing, see what happens. Put ten minutes on the clock and start with the simple phrase "I remember" and see where your pen goes. Just see what happens in 10 minutes. And at the end of it, look back and see if there's anything that interests you or where you want to dive deeper, and there's the place to start your next place the next day. Read, listen, and watch. There are places where you can go to open mics and trying out some writing on your own. When you're ready, share it and get some feedback and guidance from the community.

Gabriel: I encourage folks to grab a 50 cent notebook, something you can hold onto to see your own growth as a writer. Remember that anything can be a poem. A diary—write journals. A list of questions for someone you have never met. A horoscope for yourself. Put pen to page and see where you end up. You start writing about grandma and end up writing a piece about what you ate that morning, that's fine. Go with it!

FOR MORE INFORMATION, VISIT  
[WWW.WRITEHOME.ORG](http://WWW.WRITEHOME.ORG),  
[WWW.GABRIELMCORTEZ.COM](http://WWW.GABRIELMCORTEZ.COM)  
[WWW.NATASHAHUEY.COM](http://WWW.NATASHAHUEY.COM).

## BAY AREA OPEN MICS

### LUNADA LITERARY LOUNGE AND OPEN MIC // TIME & LOCATION VARY

LUNADA is the Bay Area's only full moon bilingual literary ritual & performance gathering. Located in the heart of the Mission District at Galería de la Raza, each Lunada features community poets, local legends, visiting mystics, and other mero meros of the stage. Guest curated by some of the Bay Area's most dynamic word slingers and artists, LUNADAS are community gatherings where stories, food, songs, and spirit are shared.  
[www.galeriadelaraza.org](http://www.galeriadelaraza.org)

### THE ROOT SLAM// 2ND AND 4TH FRIDAYS AT 7:30 PM // MLK CAFE, 3860 M.L.K. JR WAY OAKLAND

The Root Slam's mission is to create an inclusive and socially just space to promote the artistic growth of the poetry community. We want to be a place where poetry, creativity, and innovation thrive and artists support and challenge one another to grow. We encourage participants to bring new work and develop it to the point of excellence. We are guided by values centering the voices of Black, indigenous, and people of color artists; queer, trans, gender non-conforming, femme, and women poets; working class/low-income, disabled, im/migrant and undocumented folks. Free, 18+ ID  
[therootpoetry.wixsite.com/slam](http://therootpoetry.wixsite.com/slam)

### YOUTH SPEAKS // JANUARY 27, 2017 @ 6:30 PM - 9:00 PM // 826 VALENCIA, 826 VALENCIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO

These Under-21 Open Mics are designed as bi-weekly performance "open-houses" for emerging young writers and performers to flex their skills on the mic. Additionally, they establish safe spaces for poets to share work-in-progress and further cultivate their voice. Held in community locations throughout the East Bay and San Francisco, these events are hosted, produced, and promoted by members of Spokes, our Youth Advisory Board, and are always free.  
[www.youthspeaks.org](http://www.youthspeaks.org)

## SOCIAL JUSTICE CALENDAR JANUARY 2017

This is a calendar of free events concerning poverty, homelessness, and social justice in San Francisco and the wider Bay Area. If you would like your event included in the next issue, please send information to: [StreetSheet@cohsf.org](mailto:StreetSheet@cohsf.org).

### 11 WEDNESDAY

**SOLIDARITY: THE TENDERLOIN'S INAUGURATION PLANNING MEETING**  
10:30am - 12pm  
Kelley Cullen Auditorium  
220 Golden Gate Avenue  
San Francisco

Strategize, Organize, and Fight Back for the future of the Tenderloin! Come plan a day of action and solidarity for the week of the Presidential Inauguration!

### 13 FRIDAY

**COMMUNITY READING GROUP**  
7:30pm - 9pm  
Green Apple Books  
1231 9th Ave  
San Francisco

We will be examining books centered around social justice and activism. It will serve as a safe space for the public to read, write, speak, learn, exchange art, offer each other support, and prepare for action. Our book for January is **WE GON' BE ALRIGHT** by Jeff Chang, who will join our meeting.

### 17 TUESDAY

**RECLAIM MLK DAY: HOMELESS PEOPLE'S POPULAR ASSEMBLY**  
12:00-2:30pm  
Civic Center Plaza  
San Francisco

On this day we will be honoring the 48th anniversary of the Poor People's Campaign. The PPC was the last campaign that MLK jr. organized before his untimely assassination.

Contact Kelley at [kcutler@cohsf.org](mailto:kcutler@cohsf.org) for more info.

### 21 SATURDAY

**WOMEN'S MARCH**  
4pm - 9pm  
Civic Center Plaza  
San Francisco

Stand with us in solidarity for the American values we represent: we will continue to stand together for the protection of our rights, our safety, our health, and our families—our vibrant and diverse communities are the strength of our country. Rally at Civic Center with speakers and arts, followed by a festive, reverent candlelight march down Market St. to Justin Herman Plaza.  
[womensmarchbayarea.org](http://womensmarchbayarea.org)

### 28 SATURDAY

**SOCIAL JUSTICE SYMPOSIUM: HEALING THROUGH RESISTANCE**  
9am - 4pm  
1781 Rose St.  
Berkeley, CA

This FREE conference hosts numerous workshops - presented by many of the Bay Area's most powerful educators, activists, and organizers - offering tools, ideas, dialogues, and actions that will help us in the struggle and journey of creating a more socially just community, locally and beyond! Lunch is provided.

# OUR 2016 DONORS

Thanks to individual donors, the Street Sheet and the Coalition on Homelessness has managed to build a growing movement to lift up the voices and actions of those surviving on street corners or in shelters. Bringing together people experiencing homelessness, frontline service providers, and advocates, we have made enormous strides towards ending poverty and homelessness in the city.

AARON WICKLUND  
ADAM O'DONNELL  
ADAM RASKIN  
ADRIENNE HIRT  
ALANNA ZRIMSEK  
ALEXANDRA ATHENS  
ALFRED P. BIDORINI  
ALICIA TAPIA  
ALISSA ANDERSON  
ALLAN MANALO  
ALLAN Q QUITON  
ALLISON D MURDACH  
ALLISON PRATT  
ALLISON RUDD  
ALON SALANT  
AMELIA SUPAN  
ANDRE MARQUS  
ANDREW SZETO  
ANGELA WINN  
ANGIE DAVIDSON  
ANITA KLINE  
ANITA LUSEBRINK  
ANLEE BRICKMAN  
ANNE & JAMES M. SORDEN  
ANNELIESE FISINESSI  
ANTHONY BASSO  
ANTHONY TOCE  
ANTONIO E GALLARDO  
ARLENE LILLIAN HO  
ARMIDA AND HARLEY SCHULTZ  
ARNOLD WARSHAW  
ARTHUR ARON  
ATESSA CHEHRAZI AND KARL KROOTH  
BARBARA ATTARD  
BARBARA BERKELEY  
BARBARA BLINICK AND LINDA GARBER  
BARBARA BLONG  
BARBARA FUMEA  
BARBARA RAIDER  
BARRY AND LISA HILLS  
BARRY ZEVIN AND MAGGIE ROBERTS  
BAYLEY MCKENNA  
BEATRIZ ST. JOHN  
BENJAMIN FRAGER

BERNICE CASEY  
BETH KOHN  
BETTY L TRAYNOR  
BIJAL MEHTA  
BILL HEAP  
BILL HIRSH  
BILLY HART-COOPER  
BOB PRENTICE  
BOB SILVER  
BORIS KHI MOVICH  
BRENDA PAYTON  
BRETT A LUTZ  
BRIAN E. SOOHOO  
BRUCE FISHER  
CAMILLE J. ANACABE  
CARA HIGGINS  
CARLA JAVITS  
CARMEN BARSODY  
CARMEN BARSODY  
CAROL JANE BETTENCOURT  
CAROL KANE  
CAROL JEAN WISNIESKI  
CAROL LAMONT  
CAROL SNOW  
CASSIDY FARROW  
CHRIS CARLSSON  
CHRIS HERRING  
CHRISOPHER DRAYSON  
CHRISTIAN GAINSLEY  
CHRISTINE COMELLA  
CHRISTINE DESROSIER  
CHRISTINE KEMP  
CHRISTINE L'ELAND  
CHRISTINE SLEETER  
CHRISTOPHER AND CAROLYN BINGHAM  
CHRISTOPHER STATTON  
CORINNA LEE  
CRAIG JOHNSON  
CRISTINA IBARRA  
CYNTHIA GYORI  
CYNTHIA WEBER AND DAN ROSENTHAL  
DANIEL J HLAD  
DANIEL M WLODARCZYK  
DANIEL R CAWLEY AND DANIEL SWEENEY

DARRELL G.H. SCHRAMM  
DAVID WERDEGAR  
DAVID AND LORE PHILLIPS  
DAVID FRY AND WHITNEY MORRIS  
DAVID L SZANTON  
DAVID MITCHELL  
DAVID REARDON  
DAVID WILLIAMS  
DEAN PASVANKIAS  
DEBORAH BORNE  
DENIS MOSGOFIAN  
DENISE M REMILLARD  
DEREK LEE  
DESIREE STREETER  
DEVRA EDELMAN  
DIANE JONES  
DIANE PIAGNERI  
DIANNE SPAULDING AND DONALD PHILLIPS  
DONNA LINDEN  
EDWARD ALLMAN AND KATRINA SMITH  
EDWARD GOULD  
EDWARD KINCHLEY AND MARY MAGEE  
EILEEN M WAMPOLE  
ELAINE AND FRED HAMMER  
ELAINE MCKINLEY  
ELISA DELLA PIANA AND SHANE WALLIN  
ELIZABETH CARLIN AND VIDAL CARLIN DRYWALL  
ELLIOT THOMAS HARMON  
EMMA BRYANT  
ERIC AND MARI ANN ARVESON  
ERIC DYER  
ERIC MIRANDA  
ERICA CRAVEN-GREEN  
ERIN FLANAGAN  
ERIN PROFFITT  
EVAN WHITE AND ERICA CHAHAL  
FAITH K TOBON  
FRANCES TAYLOR  
FRANCESCO FRAGOMENI  
FRANK RODRIGUEZ  
FRED MUHLHEIM

FRED SHERBURN-ZIMMER  
GAIL DEKREON  
GARY D. STROUD AND GARY E. MCDOLE  
GEORGE CONDON JR. AND MODELLA CONDON  
GEORGE G. FERNANDEZ  
GERALD VUREK AND GERRY MILLIKEN AND GIULIA ZOPPZZI  
GIULIANA MILANESE  
GLADYS S THACHER  
GLENN BROWNTON  
GREG GNSZYSKI  
GREGORY COLLINS  
GREGORY KORB  
HANNELORE M. HEMPE  
HARRIET ZISKIN  
HEATHER ROTHHAUS  
HENRY L. ABRONS  
HOWARD FALLON  
IRIS BERMAN  
IRIS BIBLOWITZ  
IRMA POE  
ISABEL CHALKE  
JACKIE JENKS  
JAMES EDDY  
JAMILEH MUSA  
JAMINE CONRAD  
JAN A. WELLS  
JANE MORRISON  
JANE WATTENBERG  
JANICE HEISS  
JANNA A SCOPEL  
JASMIN HUSSEIN  
JASON ALBERTSON AND JASON MALLORY  
JEAN RABOVSKY  
JEANNIE LITTLE  
JEANNIE TRAN  
JEFF AND MUTSUKO ADACHI  
JEFF GIAQUINTO  
JEREMY BARBER  
JESSE SZWEDKO  
JESSICA B KATZMAN  
JESUS PEREZ  
JOAN C. ROSS

JOAN INTRATOR  
JOAN TAYLOR  
JODI KREMILLER KINGDOM  
JODI SCHWARTZ  
JOE CONDON  
JOEL AND HELEN ISAACSON  
JOEL SACHS  
JOEY BABBITT  
JOHN ADAMS  
JOHN DIAMANTE  
JOHN E KENNEDY III  
JOHN F. JAWOREK  
JOHN KOCH  
JOHN MAYER  
JOHN MCNALLY  
JOHN O'BOYLE  
JOHN THOMAS DO  
JOHN W THOMPSON  
JONATHAN LEE  
JONATHAN VILLALUZ  
JORDAN KRETCHMER  
JOSEFINA VIGNE  
JOSEPH CHERNEY  
JOSEPH SCHMITZ  
JOSH HANNAH  
JOSHUA LAURENZI  
JOY MORGENSTERN  
JUANITA C. CONTRERAS  
JUDITH C. HELDER  
JUDITH GORDON AND LAWRENCE BANKA  
JUDITH IBANEZ  
JUDY SHAPER  
JULIA DAC™ANTONIO  
JULIE STAROBIN  
JULIE LEADBETTER  
JULIE ROGGE  
KAREN GRUNEISEN  
KAREN KLEIN AND BENJAMIN GOLVIN  
KATE MONICO KLEIN  
KATHARINE L STANTON  
KATHERINE MAGEE  
KATHERINE MAYER  
KATHLEEN BAXTER  
KATHLEEN A MCGUIRE  
KATHLEEN BROWN

KATHLEEN LIPSCOMB  
KATHRYN HAGAN  
KATHRYN RICE  
KATHY FENTON-MILLER  
KATHY SLOAN  
KATIE FISHER  
KELLEY ANDERSON  
KELLY SOLARI  
KENNETH J REGGIO AND CAROL SCHULTE  
KEVYN D. LUTTON  
KIEKO NAKAYAMA  
KIMBERLEY CORELLI-SIMPSON  
KIMBERLY BAKER MEDINA  
KURT MENDELSON  
KYLE KITSON  
LARRY LEWIS  
LARRY TOLBERT  
LATARSHA GREEN  
LAURA JO RUFFIN  
LAURA GUZMAN  
LAURA GUZMAN  
LAURA LANE  
LAUREN HALL  
LAWRENCE M BENSKY  
LEHUA BLOSSOM ASHER  
LEON D. WINSTON  
LILA THIRKIELD  
LILI BYERS AND PETER STRAUS  
LINDA GEBROE  
LINZY KLUMPP  
LORI B LIEDERMAN  
LORI BARTKOWIAK  
LORI KOBAYASHI  
LOUISE GUY  
LUCY QUACINELLA  
LUIS OSCAR GOMEZ  
LYDIA ELY AND ADAM PFAHLER  
LYNNE EGGERS  
LYNNE HOWE  
MARA RAIDER  
MARC C FREDSON  
MARCELL PUZSAR  
MARGARET MEYERHOFER  
MARIAN GRAY AND MARIAN HALLEY  
MARIE ANNE JOBLING AND

ANTHONY J. FAZIO  
MARIE LOUISE HUGUES  
MARJORY LUXENBERG  
MARK AARONSON AND MARJORIE GELB  
MARK DUDLEY  
MARLENE AND BEN BAGDIKIAN  
MARTHA BRIDEGAM  
MARTHA RYAN  
MARTIN MACKEREL  
MARTIN RINGEL  
MARY ANN OFFER AND PETER WESTORT  
MATT GONZALEZ  
MATTHEW B. BECKER  
MATTHEW GERRING  
MAX AND SALVACION MILLARD  
MEGAN WILSON  
MELISSA E. BOAN  
MICHAEL BEER  
MICHAEL D. KEYS  
MICHAEL KORSON  
MICHAEL MACIA  
MICHAEL METZGER AND CHIKAKO NAKANDAKARI  
MICHAEL SIEVER  
MICHELE G PRAEGER  
MICHELLE AND PAUL FARROW  
MIKE KAPPUS  
MIYE GOISHI  
NANCY CURTIS SAMPSON  
NANCY IPPOLITO  
NANCY MOSS  
NATALIE BONNEWIT  
NATALIE WIND THUNDER  
NATHANIEL MANISTA  
NATURE  
NICOLE D WILSON AND CIARAN LITHGOW  
NICOLE FOLEY  
OBO HELP  
ORI BASH  
P. JOHN ANDERSON  
P.M. AND SUE PM FRIEDENBACH  
PAM PESETTI  
PAMELA WEISS BARR AND ERIC G. BARR

PARK CHAMBERLAIN  
PATRICIA LEIFERMAN  
PATRICIA M ENGEL  
PATRICIA ROLLER  
PATRICIA TUNNARD  
PAUL HALLER  
PAUL LAMBROS  
PAULA M BAKER AND PEGGY LEE  
PETER RADCLIFF  
PETER ZAHODY  
PHILIP BARDOWIE GERRARD  
PIKE LONG  
QUINTIN MICKE  
RACHEL BRAHINSKY  
RADHA PATEL  
RALPH CARLSON  
REGINA AND JAMES BARNES  
REGINA SCHMIDT  
REGINALD SUYAT  
RENÆ AND ANDREW CHARNAS  
RICHARD AND T WIEBE  
RICHARD C. SPEIGLMAN AND ELLEN BERNSTEIN  
RICHARD WIERSBA  
RICHARD ZEVIN  
ROBERT EGELKO AND ANN H. FORFREEDOM  
ROBERT MYERS  
ROBERT S. RIVKIN  
ROBIN AND GRANVILLE GILBERT  
ROGER BRAY  
ROGER MYERS  
ROMA GUY  
RONI BEN-DAVID  
ROSEMARY MALVEY  
ROSS WEAVER  
ROY HENRY JARL  
RUTH GRABOWSKI  
SANDRA SCHLECHTER  
SARA ANDERSON  
SARA HOFVERBERG  
SARAH BARNES  
SARAH HINKS  
SCOTT HANDLEMAN  
SEAN MURDOCK  
SETH AND WENDY KATZMAN

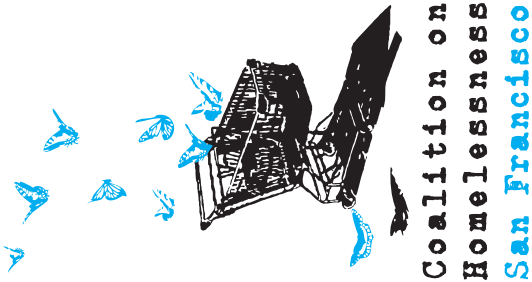
SHAHIN SANEINEDJAD  
SHAMSI M SOLTANI  
SHANNON DODGE  
SHANNON MCGILL  
SHARON MILLER  
SHERRI ROBERTS  
SIDNEY M. WOLINSKY  
SIGMUND DANIELS  
SIRPA AND RAHUL AGGARWAL  
STACEY AND GLENN H MARTIN  
STACEY LEYTON  
STELLA SCHATUPENHEIMER  
STEPHEN LEEDS  
STEVE BINGHAM AND FRANCOISE BLUSSEAU  
STEVE EABRY  
STEVEN KUKLIN  
SUZANNE M LUDLUM  
TERESA LYNN FRIEND  
TERESA M. WELBORN  
TERESA SAL  
TERRA JANE ALBEE  
TERRANCE R AMSLER  
TERRY LEW  
THOMAS COONS  
THOMAS LANDRY  
TIM LENNON AND LISA SCHIFF  
TIMI RITTENHOUSE  
TOBY KRAMER  
TOM TEMPRANO  
TONI AND RANDY REMILLONG  
TRINIDAD MADRIGAL AND TOM YANKOWSKI  
VICKI AND DAVID HADDOCK  
VICKI OWEN  
VICTORIA N JOHNSON  
VICTORIA WRIGHT BRILL  
VIKTOR AND ANNIE REINHARDT  
WILLIAM A MCGUIRE  
WILLIAM AND SHIRLEY FREEMAN  
WILLIAM C ZICKGRAF AND GENISE COPADA  
WILLIAM SILVEIRA  
ZEKE WEINER  
ZOE SIEGAL

ARTWORK BY DEDE TISONE

NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION  
U.S. POSTAGE  
PAID  
PERMIT NO. 3481  
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94188

Coalition On Homelessness  
468 Turk Street  
San Francisco, CA 94102  
415-346.3740  
www.cohsf.org  
streetsheet@cohsf.org

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED



## HELP SUPPORT THE COALITION

Name :

Address :

City :State :Zip :

Phone :Email :

UNDERWRITER CONTRIBUTION

☐ I want to become an Underwriter for \$50 or more. \$

MONTHLY CONTRIBUTION

☐ I want to Support the Coalition as a Sustainer at \$

for months.

Please list my name in the STREET SHEET as

SINGLE CONTRIBUTION

I want to support the work of the Coalition on Homelessness with a single tax-deductible contribution in the amount of: (circle amount)

\$25\$50\$75\$100\$150\$200Other \$

PLEASE CHARGE MY CREDIT CARD (MASTERCARD OR VISA)

Card Number :

Expiration Date :

Name on Card :  
(as it appears)

Signature :

All donations are tax-deductible as permitted by law.  
The Coalition on Homelessness is a 501(c)3 non-profit organization.  
Please make checks payable to: Coalition on Homelessness.  
We appreciate your support.

PLEASE CLIP AND MAIL TO:  
Coalition on Homelessness  
468 Turk Street  
San Francisco, CA 94102